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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

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FRANCES GROSSEL

The "Haunted" Abbey

By Altha Gray.

WE were a party of five—two financiers from New York, a politician from New Jersey, my closest friend, a wealthy man-of-the-world, idler and adventurer, and myself. We were seated around the cozy log fire in the comfortable cottage in the mountains one cold winter night after a day of strenuous skating on the lake and hiking up the mountains. We sat smoking contentedly and gazing into the fire while the wind whistled and shrieked around the house, rattling the shutters and whining at the door. On such occasions one's thoughts generally turn to reminiscences, tales of adventure and anecdotes of all kinds. My friend the adventurer having seen much of the world was always ready with some sort of tale so we turned to him now for entertainment. He stared thoughtfully at the blaze for a few moments with a far-away look in his keen blue eyes, then slowly began: "Boys, I'll tell you one of the strangest things that ever befell me in my rather adventurous life.

"When I was a young man of about twenty-four I had occasion to visit some relatives who lived in a sort of an old family castle in Ireland. I had gone there off and on when a child and had always been fascinated by the place. My uncle had an old Irish servant who, when I was very small, used to terrify and yet interest me by tales of bad fairies and the 'banshee' and all the other queer superstitions and legends to which some Irish people still cling. Of course the older I grew the less these tales impressed me and the less I cared to hear them. On the occasion of which I am telling you I was spending two weeks in Ireland prior to a trip to the Continent. Old Maggie was still serving my uncle and upon my arrival she approached me with a wise and ominous look in her eyes: 'Ah Mashter Bobby,' (she never could remember that I was no longer a child) 'Ah, Mashter Bobby, strange things indade have been taking place in the neighborhood. Come here to the window. Do yez see that bit of ruins peeping above the trees there?' She lowered her voice mysteriously. 'There was a murther committed in front of them ruins, Masther Bobby, and ever since, ever since, mind ye, the place has been haunted!' She shook her finger at me knowingly. 'It's meself that told ye the ghosts of the dead rise and walk about at night—Yes, the auld Abbey's haunted. I've heard 'em with my own ears.'

"'Why, Maggie,' I laughed, 'come now, those are harmless old ruins. I used to play about them myself when I was a youngster. You can't scare me any more with your ghosts. I'm grown up, you may have noticed.'

"'Sure, you've grown up, Masther Bobby, but spirits are stronger than mortals. Take care, young man, I say,' and with that she hobbled off and left me standing at the window contemplating the tip of the ancient cathedral and not far away to the right the peaceful and imposing buildings of the new abbey where a certain order of monks led their tranquil existence.

"Not being superstitious I attached little importance to Maggie's story and indeed had entirely forgotten it when I happened to pass the old ruins one evening on the way home with cousin Frances, who had been spending the evening at the nearest neighbor's—a matter of about a mile. As we approached the crumbling old Abbey with ivy covering the windows and the sunk-in roof leaving the building open to the stars, my cousin shivered and clung to my arm. 'Oh, Bob!' she said in a frightened voice, 'ple-e-ase go 'round the long way. I don't like this place. They say it's haunted and I—I'm afraid.

"'Why, Frances,' I said. 'I'm surprised you should notice that childish nonsense of Maggie's. She's a very old woman and hasn't any better sense, but you oughtn't to pay any attention to her talk.' 'I can't help it, it's so weird," shivered Frances weakly.

"'Well, then come,' I said, 'we'll hurry past.'

"We had hardly taken three steps when she clutched my arm with a terrified grip and gave a low cry.

"'Look, Bob, Oh! look! I knew it. *It is* haunted. Look!'

"I must confess that I also was thunderstruck and stood staring motionless for a minute instead of endeavoring to soothe the fears of the girl at my side, for between thick growths of the ivy over the high broad windows of the Abbey gleamed a light which flickered to and fro at irregular intervals and sometimes disappeared entirely. That's just what Maggie said: 'Oh Bob, take me home quick or I shall faint,' begged Frances wildly. I was so puzzled that I could think of no explanation to offer her just then, so I led her home as quickly as possible and upon reaching my room fell to thinking of some reason for this strange light. I reached one satisfactory conclusion but I was fully determined to ask my eldest cousin Harry to go with me the next night and investigate. I told him of our adventure the next day and he seemed considerably surprised: 'I've heard that that has been going on for some time,' he said, 'ever since a man was mysteriously murdered and robbed in front of the old place. Never having seen anything unusual myself, I believed it to be some foolish superstition of the county folk. However, I'm going to go with you.'

"So that very night, telling no one of our purpose, Harry and I set out across the fields and soon reached the Abbey. We stood in the road for a minute, watching for the light. Presently it appeared and flickered through the ivy just as upon the previous night, only to-night it seemed brighter and cast ominous shadows on the outer walls.

"'What do you make of that?' I whispered, grasping my companion's arm.

"Harry was astonished as I had been upon first seeing it. 'By jove, that's odd,' he said under his breath. 'Let's go closer,' I suggested, 'we might hear something.' Noiselessly we stepped across the road and through the grass to the wall near one of the high, arched windows. We strained our ears and presently from within came a low, harsh mumbling and muttering which kept on steadily and monotonously though it was impossible to make out any words. My cousin and I stood rooted to the spot staring at each other with horror stricken eyes—then I summoned my courage and spoke in a whisper. 'Look here, Harry, if this is something human, I'm armed for any emergency. If unearthly we'll trust to luck. Come on,' and with a forced smile I motioned him to follow. We skulked around to the other side of the building where there was a small door. From where we stood we could only see part of the inside wall which only dimly flickered with the mysterious light. The mumblings kept on and increased to a moan. I felt for a minute as if I could not, dared not go farther. I wished to turn and run yet I could not stir. I felt that now I was really facing the supernatural, yet a strange something, curiosity maybe, or something stronger, was urging me to go on. 'Harry,' I said, 'will you go in with me?'

"'I'm game, old man,' he returned. 'But—I—don't know this business. There's something awfully uncanny about it.'

"'Hush,' I whispered, as he raised his voice. 'Look!' There upon the bit of wall which we could see through the door was a huge shadow cast by the dim light. It seemed to wear a long, trailing robe and was standing up at full length, then bending down again, performing some mysterious ceremony. Strange though it may seem, Harry and I both acted upon impulse at the same instant and rushed together straight into the Abbey. That being—shall I call it?—whether spectre or human we did not know at first, upon seeing us gave one earthly shriek which I shall never forget and fell upon his face. Harry brought the lantern which had shed the strange light closer to the prostrate body and turning him over we immediately recognized him as one of the monks from the nearby Abbey. His face was white and emaciated and even in repose wore a wild strained expression. That he was mad or nearly so was evident. He was not dead, but merely in a faint so between us Harry and I carried him back to the monastery. The gentle monks were greatly distressed when we told our story, and shook their heads sadly. 'He has long acted strangely,' said one, 'but I thought little of it.'

"The next day the whole story and its outcome was all over the countryside. The poor monk had been possessed of a miserly greed for gold, which he had tried to stifle by joining the priesthood but he had been unable to free himself from this curse and one night had murdered a man upon the highway and stolen his gold and

(*Continued on page* 13.)

"A Tale of Woe"

By Frances Grossel.

A LOW and tender melody played on the violin, came to my ears. It held me rapt, spellbound. Never before had I heard a violin echo so pathetic and plaintive a lay.

Nearer and nearer came its moving sounds. I left my position at the window and ran into the street. There, in front of our house stood a man playing on the violin. Around him stood a group of children in meek silence. This was an unusual attitude for them to assume towards a stranger, for I am sorry to say, one of the salient characteristics of the children of our village is to jeer at each and every wandering musician that frequents our little town. By their subservience, I could see they were impressed. When he had finished his melody, a sad and wistful expression covered his face. His hand went to his head and a sudden weakness overcame him. I walked over to him and asked if he wished to come into our garden and rest. He seemed delighted to take this opportunity of relaxing his tired and worn body.

After he had been quite refreshed I asked him if there was anyway in which I could help him.

"No, no, I am past help. No one can help me, no one can bring the dead to life."

He fell into such a state of despondency that I became alarmed. He seemed to writhe under some unutterable anguish.

"You have been kind to me, perhaps you will be patient enough to hear my story."

To this, of course, I assented.

"Three years ago I lived with my wife in Italy. We were very happy. Our fields, though not very large, afforded us our means of subsistence. We produced fruits and vegetables which in turn we sold in the markets. Our little homestead, although, very simple, gave us great pleasure. How happy we were when after a hard day's labor we turned our footsteps towards our little home. There was little to disturb the harmony of our lives. We were dutiful servants of God, ministering to the destitute in whatever way we could.

"But, alas! just as there came an end to Job's happy state, so there came an end to ours. My wife, ah—my Lucia, became ill. I consulted many doctors but still the bloom in my Lucia's cheeks would not return. The little money I had carefully saved was almost gone.

"A tourist, an American lady, traveling through our town espied Lucia working in the fields and took a fancy to her. I told her of Lucia's malady and she kindly suggested taking her to America and consulting her own physician. At first this seemed to me an absurdity. How could I part with my Lucia!

"She became worse and worse until finally I had to consent.

"A fortnight later Lucia was bidding me farewell. Only one thing kept me from preventing her going. As soon as I could possibly get enough money I was also to go to America.

"But my incentive was taken away. My work was done poorly. My mind could not concentrate on what I was doing. My fields, that fall, did not return an equivalent for the money that had been expended on them. Everything went wrong. I worked and toiled for a year and still I did not have a sufficient amount to take me to America. Lucia wrote me often. While some of her letters were cheerful, in others I could read between the lines that her ailment was still severe.

"Two years passed and I had at last enough money to go to America.

"Shall I ever forget with what a feeling of mingled joy and fear, I came in sight of your Statue of Liberty, of your golden land of opportunity. When the steamer came to a halt, I emerged from my hole, for that is exactly what the room I occupied in the steerage looked like. How can I tell you the keen disappointment I felt, when there was no Lucia to meet me at the pier. I searched for her but she was nowhere to be found. I knew where she lived, and with the aid of a kind gentleman, I was directed to the house.

"I felt a pang of fear as I inquired for my wife. That look of the mistress seemed to foretell impending evil. I was led up to her room.

"Oh, I can't bear it, I can't bear it. My Lucia was dead."

At this point, a pallor overspread his face, his frame shook. I tried in vain to relieve his anguish. He continued, however:

"I can not bear to stay in this land where the memory of my lost Lucia will forever haunt me. For a month I have been wandering through the streets playing the violin. This I learned when I was yet a child. When I get enough money I shall go back to Italy.

"There, you have my story. I hope it has not annoyed you. I must be going. I have already lost too much time. I thank you for your kindness. Good-bye."

"Wait," I called after him.

I ran into the house and counted my savings. It was a meagre sum. I went to my mother and to a few of our kindly disposed neighbors. I briefly told them the story. Gladly they did what they could for the bereft Italian.

He remained in our house until the next morning. After thanking us a thousand times for what he considered incredible generosity, he left us to go to Italy—to his Sunny Italy.

The Sands of the Sahara

By Irving Gibson Idler.

WHEN navigators and explorers became bolder, when merchants began to reach out for new markets, when nations found need of expanding and gaining new lands for their ever-increasing population, then, there began a steady procession to the continent of Africa. No longer "Darkest Africa," this continent was dotted with colonies of different nations, each endeavoring to outdo the other. Such nations were Mauritania and Nordinia, bitter rivals, risking much in order to humiliate each other.

There was now but one piece of land which was not already a protectorate of some large nation. This territory was coveted by both Mauritania and Nordinia. Apparently each was willing to risk much to attain it. Only one thing was to be avoided. Open war! These great nations knew the cost of war and were ready to employ every device of diplomacy before trusting to force of arms.

The coveted territory was situated a short distance south of the Sahara. Sulu, as we shall call it, was near what is known as the Gold Coast on the Gulf of Guinea. It was especially rich in gold and ivory. There were vast fortunes for some country in its resources. In civilization, the inhabitants of Sulu were above those of the other African countries. It's extraordinary wealth had brought the cream of the African races to this island. The Arabs, Moors, and even Turks were there in large numbers. These inhabitants, realizing the value of their holdings, became jealous, suspicious, and very crafty. Their Government was the most advanced on the continent. The fact that a certain world power, deriving benefit from Sulu, was keeping a friendly eye over it, was a deterrent influence against the use of force by Mauritania and Nordinia.

At the Intelligence Office in the Governmental buildings of Mauritania's capital, a distinguished looking man in military uniform was seated at a desk writing. Across from him, in civilian dress, a young man of about twenty-five years, awaited the beckon of the "Chief." The "Chief" had finished writing and, after carefully fanning the papers until they were dry, put them into an envelope and sealed a few apparently blank sheets of paper. He then turned sharply to the young man.

"You realize the situation? Our enemies would stop at nothing, therefore your task is a most perilous one! I have here very important documents written with a certain preparation that becomes invisible as soon as it becomes dry. In this country are many agents of our enemy, therefore if your documents should in any way fall into their hands it would be worthless . The writing will reappear when treated with a certain liquid. This liquid you will receive from a Moudha Singh at Kashna, Sulu, upon the exchange of the password. Then you shall treat the document with this preparation and follow instructions detailed within. No doubt you were observed to enter here. You are a marked man and will be followed until the spies are reasonably sure you are concerned in nothing of importance. For these reasons you will journey to Alexandria and from there proceed according to your own judgment. You will be furnished with ample funds. Do you understand," finished the "Chief" of the Intelligence Department as he turned over the packet to King, for this was the name of the young man.

"I do, sir," replied King. Without further discussion he saluted, turned on his heel and left the room. He placed the packet in an inside pocket and buttoned his coat. When King stepped out of the building he tried to look as unconcerned as possible. As he proceeded to his dwelling if he had been particularly suspicious he would have noticed a middle-sized gentleman with a small black moustache, and keen piercing eyes, who seemed content to go every place King himself went.

Mortan King had been a war correspondent before becoming affiliated with the Intelligence Department of the Government. In fact King was such a valuable man that his identity with the Government was a secret to all but a certain few.

He prepared to embark for Alexandria within a week. Two days after receiving his instructions, an envelope containing a large sum of money arrived. There was not a word written on the envelope or within, but King was aware of the fact that it was from the Government.

He took passage on one of the larger steamships bound for Alexandria, and assumed the rolé of the ordinary tourist. Little did he realize what events would follow during the next few weeks!

Around a long table in a large room of the Military Bureau of the capital of Nordania, were seated about a dozen men. At the head was a middle-aged man of erect stature who was addressing the others.

"Gentlemen, I am firmly convinced that our enemy is planning some important move. Their very inactivity strengthens my belief. Our agents, up to to-day, have been able to report nothing. But to-day I received a message from our agent in the capital. He reports that a Mortan King had visited the Intelligence Department and less than a week later had sailed for Alexandria! He has been followed! Now,

gentlemen, although at the present time I am unable to state whether this is of any importance, I feel that it involves much. I fear that it pertains to the country of Sulu. As you know, neither our enemy Mauritania nor our own Government have deemed it wise to employ the use of force because of *that power* which keeps a friendly watch over Sulu. Our agents are scattered throughout Sulu and its routes are well posted. Your orders are as follows: six of you will go to Sulu, six to Alexandria, where you will come in touch with our embassy and receive your orders there. Those of you who go to Sulu will follow your usual instructions. That is all." The director arose as a sign that the conference was at an end and his listeners did the same, bowed and left the room.

After a pleasant voyage King reached Alexandria. He went ashore and took up his lodgings at one of the better class hotels. Since his movements demanded the utmost secrecy he avoided the embassy of his Power in that city. He knew his destination and also knew the only route by land from Alexandria—through the Sahara!

King created the impression that he was a rich tourist who was desirous of seeing something of desert life (which, few could understand). Arrangements were made that three days later he would depart from Alexandria with a party of Turks bound for Isala, a desert oasis.

Having two days to spend as he saw fit, King attempted sime sight seeing. Being urged to visit the shop of Ali Pasha, Turk, who kept a wonderful assortment of Turkish and Egyptian weapons, he strolled in to take a look around. At his entrance a gentleman in the rear (he appeared to be an inhabitant of Western Europe) raised his eyes toward the shopkeeper who in turn nodded back. The merchant turned to the newcomer.

"You would like to see something?"asked Ali Pasha in good English.

"Yes, some of the old Turkish weapons," replied King looking about. The Turk showed him many cases of arms and in return for his trouble King purchased a small dagger of ancient Turkish design.

"Perhaps you would like to see some different types of rifles, sir? They are in the back room, my own private collection." King having nothing else in view said he would. The merchant led the way to a door in the rear of the store and bade him step inside where he (Ala Pasha) would join him as soon as he had waited on the other customer. King opened the door and went in. A sickening smell made him dizzy. He grasped for the door but everything grew black and he fell to the floor. At the same instant Ali Pasha and "the other customer" sprang through the doorway.

* * * * *

Some minutes later King opened his eyes. He found himself on a couch. Though still dizzy, he immediately thought of the packet. He felt for it. It was there! A sigh of relief escaped him as he turned to the merchant.

"Don't exert yourself too much sir. You wonder what has happened? You have fainted. It often occurs to people who have been in the country but a short time. It is the climate, it cannot be explained, but is a kind of disease which comes upon one suddenly."

King wondered. What of the sickening smell? That must have been his imagination, the shopkeeper must be right. He was not yet acclimated. A little later, still pondering over his odd experience he returned to the hotel.

At the embassy of Nordinia there seemed to be a very serious problem on hand. The Minister, a white-haired gentleman of sixty, was pacing up and down the room. At one end of the room a younger man was standing gazing out across the bay. On his face was a worried expression. In a large chair sat another, tapping his pencil lightly on the table. Three others were sitting in a corner of the room with an expression on their faces which showed great disappointment. The last member of the group, a young chap about five foot ten, with straight black hair and small bright eyes, was sitting at the head of the table with his gaze fixed on the ceiling. There was absolute silence. The man at the window turned and spoke.

"What's to be done? Meier succeéded in bribing Ali Pasha. A dandy scheme was planned. King fell for it! After he fainted, Meier and the Turk searched him and found the packet. They steamed the envelope and what did they find? Nothing but blank sheets of paper! While at the hotel I searched every piece of his baggage and found not a single paper which would in any way help us, neither did I find any material which would bring to light any writing that might be concealed on those papers, for surely he is not carrying a blank document! Meier resealed the envelope and placed it back in King's pocket, for it would never have done to let King know what had taken place. King will never know his baggage was touched, for I took great care. The Oriental makes up an excellent excuse for the fainting spell and King can do nothing but believe it. But here we are, firmly convinced that there is something important afoot but we can get no clew of any kind to give us an idea what it is."

The speaker coughed, and after a moment went on. "Burger learns that King is going to depart with a caravan of Turks to-morrow for Isala. If he intends to go to Sulu, as is suspected, why is he going that way? He claims to be an ordinary tourist, and if it weren't for that blank document I think I should believe him." As he finished he dropped into a chair and lit a cigar. The Minister had seated himself at his desk.

Meier removed his gaze from the ceiling and cleared his throat.

"It's just as Miller says. We feel sure King is up to nothing small, but what it is we can't fathom. It would do us no good to harm him in any way. King must be kept in ignorance of the fact that he is followed." After those few words all returned to their thoughtful attitude. A few moments later Burger, up to this moment silent, jumped up and cried, "I have it."

Thereupon everyone showed a new interest in life. They all seated themselves around the table and Burger unfolded his plan. It met with instant approval and the Minister and the agents of Nordinia spent nearly all night in working out the details. In the meanwhile King slept peacefully, unmindful of the net which was to be spread for him.

Next morning King made the final preparations for his trip. Once or twice he caught himself musing over his strange experience of the day before, but in the hustle and bustle of his arrangements he dismissed it from his mind. Shortly after mid-day he set out with the firm conviction that he was not followed or that if he had been followed, his pursuers had come to the conclusion that they were on a wild goose chase.

That night the caravan encamped on the desert. It was King's first taste of a night on the desert. It was very lonely and weird on that wide expanse of sand, and he dreaded the thought that he would be compelled to spend the next several weeks in this manner. During the night, while King was in deep slumber, another caravan passed silently by in the shadows of darkness.

A week had passed. Still nothing but a broad expanse of sand. His party of thirty Arabs and Turks were penetrating the very depths of the desert. The monotony of the desert had already made King weary.

As the caravan wended its way slowly on, King, glancing toward the south, saw what appeared to be a huge cloud of dust. He raised his field glasses to his eyes and as the cloud drew closer King made out the forms of a large number of mounted men. He called Budah Pingh, the leader of the caravan to him, and asked who they were. The leader glanced in the direction of the approaching host with an anxious and alarmed look.

"Sahib," he said, "it looks as if that approaching body is a tribe of Kurds, armed to the teeth and ready for mischief."

"Do you think they mean to attack us," asked King.

"I do. The Kurds are the pirates of the desert. As the pirates of the sea, they come upon their prey and slaughter the whole party in order to secure the baggage of the caravan."

When the host of barbarians had approached within less than a half-mile they raised a mighty shout, which could be heard by the caravan, and dismounted. The caravan, now firmly convinced that they were the object of the Kurds' attack, prepared to defend themselves. All the baggage and camp material was formed into a rude breastwork, behind which the camels lay and next the men themselves. All the Turks were armed, each being supplied with a rifle which was always carried as a precaution against these desert tribes. The Kurds greatly outnumbered the small party, a fact which King anxiously noted.

The Kurds had begun to crawl up in the direction of the caravan. According to their usual custom they crouched low when they came within range.

Those behind the improvised breastworks waited until the heathens came within four hundred yards, then they gave them a volley. This seemed a signal for renewed vigor on the part of the Kurds. The fight became general, the guns on both sides blazing away. Occasionally one of the Kurds was seen to topple over. King was worried! He had crawled into a safe place, not because of any cowardice on his part, but because he knew his mission must be fulfilled. Had he turned about and looked toward the rear he would have perceived another cloud of dust fast approaching.

The dust shielded from view a caravan of the same type as King's. It was coming at full speed.

The Kurds were drawing nearer and nearer to their prey. Their leader waving a long curved sword urged them on. The fight had become so hot that neither side noticed the coming of a third party. The Kurds were advancing slowly but surely! The situation was becoming tense!

(To be continued.)

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NEWARK, N. J., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1918

STICK IT OUT!

What is it we so often hear in assembly? "Finish your high school course!" Yes, that's it. And now that we are at war, it is especially important that we studes "stick it out" and get our sheepskins NOW, *while we have the chance.* We can serve our country better by first getting Barringer diplomas and *then* enlisting in the active service, than by rushing into it now, and then, maybe, being sent back to get some more education. Of course we all want to get right into the fight and it's pretty hard for some of us to buckle down to such hum-drum things as lessons, but let's try to remember that our Uncle Sammy needs trained, educated men to represent him on the march through Berlin.

As we learn in 36—"You don't deserve any credit for having brains—everybody has them—but its the man who *uses* his brains who gets the big salary and the position of trust and responsibility!" Also, we learn in economics that "it is to our advantage to develop our natural gifts and resources to the greatest degree possible." This surely applies to individuals as truly as to nations. If your hobby is riding, flying, wireless, signaling, sewing or fussing with invalided grandma, get a little extra training and become an expert in your line. Then, when you've got that coveted bit of paper from B. H. S., get out and capitalize your stunt for the U. S. *But not until then!*

OUR FLAG.

The students of Barringer High have many times been accused, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly, of being too indifferent, too superior, too "blasé." We ourselves have noticed it many a time. A great majority of us are too apt to greet some new order of affairs, or some attempt on the part of our schoolmates with a pitying smile or a disinterested air.

We had earnestly hoped, however, that the

flag ceremony which takes place every week would be appreciated. At first it was. Very much so. But it soon became a matter of form, a ritual to be gone through with in decent form. Then to some it seemed to become uninteresting, and they would smile across the room at their friends while the flag was being carried in. Incidentally, it seemed to become a burden to stand up and sit down so often.

Now that flag is the symbol of this whole country and of all for which she stands. We are at war, and the nation is on a military basis. Military discipline requires that everyone shall stand at attention while the flag is being raised or lowered. We all have the gymnasium training, and are supposed to know how to stand at attention, that is, without moving or speaking.

Let's buckle right down and correct this error. Forget for once that you have a neighbor, forget yourself for a little while, and give all your attention, all your respect, to the flag!

NEW JERSEY EDITORS' LEAGUE.

The regular meeting of the Editors' League of New Jersey was held in January, at East Orange High School. There was a fine crowd there, including the editors from South Side High, East Side High, Rutherford High, Paterson High, Montclair High, Emerson High of West Hoboken, and of course, Barringer. The meeting was most interesting. Plans for the formation of a similar league in Southern New Jersey were discussed. Then some one brought up the question of a monthly or bi-monthly leaflet edited by the members of the League. That topic at once became the excuse for some very hot and lengthy oratory. Finally, though, the smoke cleared and the business proceeded.

After the meeting, sumptuous refreshments were served, and thoroughly enjoyed. The gymnasium then became the scene of joy for an hour, after which the editors departed, well pleased with the whole afternoon.

These meetings are always very well attended, and the things which the League is planning to do will make you "sit up and take notice."

A WORD OF THANKS.

WE are indebted for the cartoons in this issue to the *Pictorial Review,* and *Bric a Brac,* since it was through them that the cuts were obtained. We wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to these two papers for the assistance thus rendered.

OUR CORRIDORS.

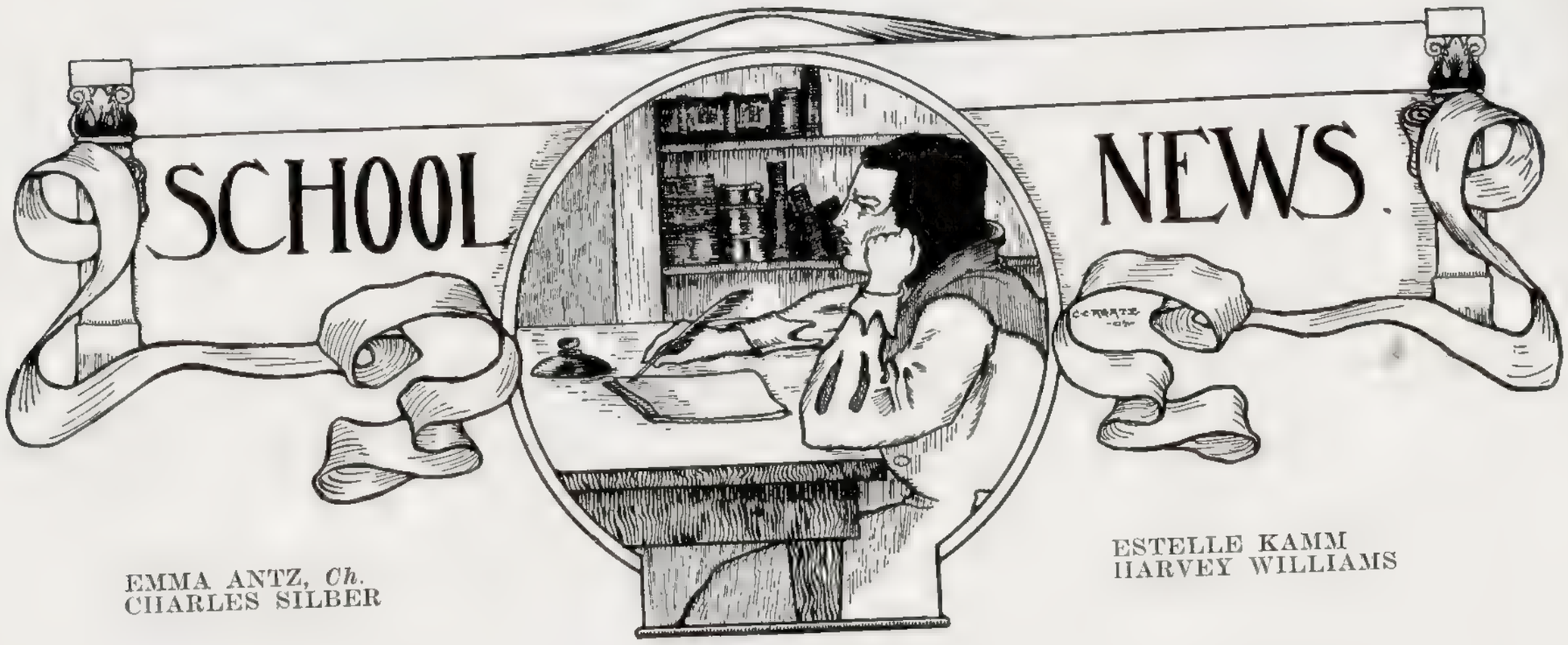
Fellow students! Do you realize that we have what might be termed corridor rules in Barringer? Yes, we have them, but it seems to be a fact that is forgotten, or overlooked by many of us.

About a month ago, Mr. Stearns spoke to us regarding the proper way through the auditorium and corridors, and told us again which were the proper stairs to use in going up and down. Have we forgotten his remarks so soon? It seems so.

Very often of late, students using the proper stairs have almost had to battle with others who were going the wrong way. The passageways through the auditorium remind us, at times, of those pictures entitled "Four Corners," or "Looking South on Broad Street." Of course we realize that there are times when one is in a hurry, and to avoid being late to the class room, one simply *has* to go the wrong way. But why put ourselves in danger of being late? It is not absolutely necessary to stand and chat with our friends and then dash madly around the wrong way to reach our room in time.

A term or so ago, this congestion in the corridors and through the auditorium became so bad that the teachers were instructed to send to the detention room any unfortunates whom they might find wandering the wrong way through the corridors, or cutting gaily through the auditorium. In a very short time orderly results were obtained, and the detention room order was abandoned.

Now are we going to make it necessary to have such a rule again put into effect? Is it not possible for us to do the right thing without being forced into it? Let's prove that it is.



EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
CHARLES SILBER

ESTELLE KAMM
HARVEY WILLIAMS

4A CLASS.

The regular meeting of the Senior A's was held Monday, March 4th, at 3.10. The boys were conspicuous by their absence. Miss Knust presided, in the absence of the president. It was her first attempt, but she presided with dignity and grace. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. As Bryden was finishing his report, lo, the patter of many feet was heard, and in walked about a dozen of the highbrow boys. It was decided after some discussion to postpone the 1B Sociable until the president should return to school. Miss Pullin stated we had much to learn about the members of the entering class, so she handed out some very useful tips. The class decided after considerable debate to publish a Senior ACROPOLIS. There was an exciting debate over the moving picture machine. This debate was punctuated by Brown's falling from his seat, but after much discussion the matter was laid on the table, and the meeting adjourned.

INTERESTING ADDRESSES.

During the first week of the term Captain Adolphe Boyce gave the school a very interesting account of the disaster at Halifax last December. Captain Boyce, who is the father of our editor-in-chief, was sent to Halifax as the official representative of the United States Government.

After the Captain had told us about the explosion in the harbor and the terrible fire which subsequently occurred in the city, he chided us for being satisfied with "doing our bit" and not "doing our best." He said it was up to the boys of Barringer to learn to fight for their country, by organizing drill companies here in the school. He also told us about his work in training "Boyce's Tigers" at Governor's Island. In all, Captain Boyce has drilled over twelve thousand men.

Mayor Gillen addressed the school on the afternoon of Friday, January 11.

The school was given a real treat when Captain H. Wells Ingraham, of the British Red Cross, told us about his experiences while working for this organization in France and Serbia. He explained to us the terrible necessity on the battlefields of Europe for well equipped Red Cross Hospitals, and made an earnest appeal for the hearty support of the American boys and girls. Captain Ingraham's speech was supplemented by an address from Principal Schaeffer of the Eliot Street School, who told us about the American Junior Red Cross.

On March 6th, Edythe Green gave a very pleasing interpretation of the poem, "Love of Country," by the Belgian poet, Emile Cannaerts.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On March 1, we gathered in the assembly hall to pay our respects to the memory of Charles Hopkins, the first Barringer boy to make the supreme sacrifice in this war. Mr. Broadhead told us of Hopkins as he knew him when Charley played football for Barringer. "Charley thought that you should do everything well and do as many things as you could do well. His great aim was to 'spread the sunshine,'" he said. Mr. Stearns then called upon Dr. Chapman, the pastor of Hopkins' church to say a few words. Charley was the first to enlist from his church and the first one from that organization whose blue star on the service flag has been replaced by a white star on the red field. Dr. Chapman said that Hopkins was the most nearly perfect boy he had ever known, and that it was a beautiful, yet tragic thought that he had been the first to go on the great adventure. In closing, Mr. Stearns bore further testimony to Hopkins' sterling qualities.

THE FRENCH CIRCLE.

The regular meeting of the French Circle was held Tuesday, February 19th, at 3.10 P. M., in the Science Lecture Room. Mr. Mezger addressed the club on "Modern France." The talk was exceedingly interesting as well as educational. Mr. Milwitzky read a poem entitled, "Frere Jacques." It was based on the familiar nursery rhyme of similar title. The club decided to present a play for the Alliance Francaise of Newark. After some discussion, Gringroire was selected as suitable for the occasion. The cast which was chosen is: The King, Burke Boyce; Grengroire, Morris Berg; Jeanette, Jean Urquhart; Oliver, Milton Manshel; Simon, David Hummel. The play will be presented probably at the next meeting of the Alliance. The meeting adjourned at 4.35 P. M.

CAPTAIN LENAUX'S VISIT.

Barringer was delighted and at the same time felt honored to receive a visit from so famous a war hero as Captain Lenaux. The auditorium was decorated with the French flag, and the Marseillaise Hymn was sung by the French pupils. Captain Lenaux, a noted psychologist and poet, enlisted in the ambulance corps at the outbreak of the war, and has served on the various fronts ever since. He talked about the causes and psychology of the war and afterwards told interesting anecdotes about his life on the various fronts. After school Captain Lenaux gave an enjoyable talk to the French Circle.

FRENCH CIRCLE.

On Thursday, February 21, the school was honored with an address by Captain Pierre de Lenaux, of the French Army, on his experiences in the Balkan States and in the Great World War. Captain de Lenaux consented to address the French Circle after school. Accordingly a special meeting was called at 3.10. The members enjoyed an instructive and interesting talk in French, on various experiences in the war. The meeting adjourned at 4.30.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Science Club was held Tuesday, February 19th, at 3.10 P. M., in Room 99, for the purpose of electing officers. In the absence of the president, Mr. Pucillo was chosen chairman *pro-tem.* The officers for the present term are: Russel Rabone, president; Richard Linehan, vice-president; Mildred Cozonne, secretary. Mr. Saylor, the Faculty Adviser, will assume the duties of treasurer. After the business of election was disposed of Mr. Kobinsky introduced a plan for a Question Box. The idea is, questions may be handed to Mr. Saylor in writing, and they will be answered at the next meeting. The plan met with general approval. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned at 4.20 P. M.

BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB.

The regular meeting of the Discussion Club was held Tuesday, February 26th, at 5.30 P. M., in the Y. M. C. A. The members enjoyed the usual dinner and good time. The speaker of the evening was Dr. Merclane, of Newark, who addressed the club on an up-to-the-minute subject. The meeting adjourned and all went away well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

BBBB.

Officers of the 4B class were elected at the first regular meeting. They are: President, Thomas Savage; Vice-President, Marion Gifford; Secretary, Emily Berndt; Treasurer, Ronald McNeil. The class pins, class colors, and the class motto were discussed, but not decided upon.

The second meeting was held on March 4. The minstrel show which the class intends to give was discussed. A committee was appointed to write letters and send gifts to Corporal Kelly, a soldier whom the class has adopted.

GERMAN CLUB.

The first meeting of the German Club was held on February 18th, 1918. The following officers were elected: President, Norman Junker; Vice-President, Gladys Judson; Secretary, Fritz Nicklas; ARCOPOLIS Representative, Emma Antz. Mr. Nicklas, the Treasurer, reported that there were $29.15 in the treasury. He also gave a general idea of the future work of the team.

BARRINGER-SOUTH SIDE DEBATE.

This paper goes to print before the date of the Barringer-South Side debate, so we can only say that our team is working hard preparing for it.

The members of our team are Milton Manshel, Norman Junker, Jerome Meier and Arthur Tries, alternate.

The question to be debated on March 15, is: *Resolved,* that at the close of the present war, universal military training and service should be the fixed policy of the nation. Barringer has the negative side.

THE "HAUNTED" ABBEY.

(*Continued from page* 5.)

every night thereafter when a chance presented itself had stolen forth from the monastery to count and gloat over his stolen riches. The monks were all deeply grieved at this stain placed upon their order for such a thing had never happened in their pious and tranquil lives.

"And ever after that whenever old Maggie started talking about haunted buildings I felt a shiver of dread go down my spine at the thought of what one of her 'ghosts' had turned out to be."

He stopped and we all leaned back in our chairs and relaxed. Suddenly a long shriek sounded outside the windows. We all started.

"What's that?" said my friend the politician.

"That," replied my friend the adventurer, "is the banshee."

TESTIMONIALS.

September, 1917-February, 1918.

4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Frank Liebe, Robert Mapletoft, Walter Weinberg.
Room 65. Dorothea Schiffmayer, Mildred Turner, Eleanor Weber.

4B Room 26. Marguerite Schlueter, Morris Kleinman.
Room 32. Camilla Browning, Dorothy Gorham, Gertrude Murray, Dorothy VanNess.
Room 56. Morris Berg, Joseph Crecca.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Mary Glover, Madeline Holter, Marion Smith.

3A Room 25. Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, J. Murray Duguid, Wm. Fleishfarb.
Room 41. Edmund Cox.
Room 66. Dorothy Prell, Elsie Steinmetz, Edith VanHouten.

3B Room 37. Clarissa Hulse, Rose Stammelman.
Room 51. Elizabeth Bolland.
Room 63. Anna Kabis, Arthur Raymond.

2A Room 33. Charles Brenner.
Room 50. Emily Wahl, Dorothy Work.
Room 57. Montfort Dill.
Room 59. Sophie Coppersmith, Frances Gordinier, Florentine Jauss, Olga Langenecker.

2B Room 42. Gertrude Meister, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Melvin Jackley, Walter Scott.
Room 67. Florence Brown, Anna DeHart, Anna Dempsey, Louise Durand, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin.

1A Room 60. Arline Allsop, Helen Alcott, Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner.
RFoom 69. Florence Meyerson, Helen Poppke, Emil Shapiro.
Room 75. Harry Häussling.

1B Room 38. Gertrude Homer.
Room 39. Mary Crowe, Ida Dill, Isabel Reed.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier., Almeda Hopler, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater, Rose Tronolone.

1B Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Constance Carpenter, Margaret Durand, Margaret Kohn, Jennie Muchmore, Rebecca Siegel, Stuart Blodgett.
Room 91. Frederick Frost.
Room 92. Gondolfa Rizzo.
Room 93. Emma Ziegler.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Catherine Williams.

NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY.

September, 1917-February, 1918.

Room 25. Ralph Marlatt.
Room 26. Joseph Wong.
Room 31. Harold Benjamin, James Berry, William F. Canders, Robert Mapletoft, Innocent Volpe, Francis Walton.
Room 32. Gertrude Murray, Dorothy VanNess, Elmer Limpert.
Room 33. Charles Bremar, Henry Goffin, Harold Erickson.
Room 35. Abe Guss, Erle Pike, Gordon Rogers, Gilbert Thornton.
Room 36. Isabel Allen, Elizabeth Johnston, Juliette Mackin, Eunice Phillips, Marian Smith, Norman Berry.
Room 37. Marion Alberts, Gertrude Glaser, Clarissa Hulse.
Room 38. Alice Johnson.
Room 39. Mary Crowe, Ida Dill, Agnes Powers, Meda Ransom, Margaret Vanderpool.
Room 41. Carl Granger, Heber Ingoli, George Langenecker, Eloy Murphy, Elmer Smith, James Smith, Harlod Turner.
Room 42. Lillian Ething, Ethel Hickey, Edna Maier, Mary Walsh, Charles Holland, Charles Meier, Leonard Spann.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Edward B. Kirby, Ralph Dawson, George Dennis. Walter Scott.
Room 45. Edward Goegel, Robert Schroeder, Walter Schroeder.
Room 50. Isabel Huff, Edith Johnston, Emily Wahl, Dorothy Work.
Room 51. Elizabeth Bolland, Elizabeth Knoack, Anita Ure.
Room 55. Ruth Kilpatrick, Ruth Steizer, Garrett Stearly.
Room 56. Joseph Crecca.
Room 57. Kitty Kroto, Winnie Kroto, John Fannan.
Room 57. Clarence McKim, Willard Wells.
Room 59. Sophie Coppersmith, Loretta Hemmer, Olga Langenecker, Clara Miller.
Room 60. Katherine Duguid, Margaret Ingols, Doris Lindsay, Lillian Melick, Dorothy Itone, Carl Wieland.
Rom 61. Mary Glover, Marion Smith, Russell Rabone.
Room 63. Annie Trolan, Arthur Raymond.
Room 65. Emma Antz, Irene Owen, Felicia Solondra, Alexander Paton.
Room 66. Edna Altemiller, Geneiveve Backwith, Elsie Stienmetz, Edith Van Houten, Edwin Rizzolo.
Room 67. Florence Brown, Louise Durand, Robert Bishop, Sherman Corwin, Raymond Erickson.

Room 69. Sara Hooley, Marie Powers, Marie Schauner, Lillian VanHouten, William Hill, Jerry Manfro.
Room 75. Dorothy Baldwin, Carl Albrecht, Herbert Antz.
Room 75. Herbert Ford, Ernest Goldt.
Room 76. Grace Gaven, Carmine Lemongiello, Mildren Callaghan, Aileen Powderly, Irene Ramsey, Wallace Fern, Jerry Garfola.
Room 81. Lavinia Caprio, Helen De Vita, Bertha Gordinier, Rose Guarino, Dorothy McCance.
Room 81. Electra ..apoliello, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater, Roland Crowe, William Dougan.
Room 82. De Warren B. Barnet, Jr.
Room 83. Helen Benedict, Raymond Banchello.
Room 85. Irene Morris, Herman Rossomano.
Room 86. Anna Johnston, Wilberforce Jacobus.
Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Constance Carpenter.
Rom 87. Margaret Durand, Ruth Gregory, Stuart Blodgett, David Monheimer, William Koester, Henry Yates.
Room 91. Louis Hardy, Russell Hoffman.
Room 92. Bessie Grossbach, Nathan Bass, William Cantalupo, Henry Eskin, Sam Handleman, Max Lazarus, Pasquale Nappi.
Room 92. Isadore Padula, Peter Padula, Gondolfa Rizzo.
Room 93. Ethel Maier, Claude Segbolt.
Room 95. Anna Bishop, Margaret Randall, Catherine Williams, Thatcher Ayers, Edward Brigden, Charles Curatolo, Mathew Donellen, Harry Lankes, Robert Mezgar.

Honor Roll

February, 1918.

P. G.—Frank Leibe.

4A Room 26. Dorothy Gorham, Marguerite Schlueter, Gertrude Murray, Harry Schaffer, Richard Bauchelle.
Room 56. Etta Bender, Elizabeth Bolles, Camilla Browning, Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Hammell, Katherine Sayre, Morris Berg, Joseph Crecca.
Room 61. Grace Bottelli, Mary Fisher, Mary Glover, May White, Nannette Ehring, Gladys Paulus.

4B Room 25. Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.
Room 36. Isabel Allen, Elizabeth Johnston, Teresa Walsh.

4B Room 41. Edmund Cox, William Gleim.
Room 66. Dorothy Prell, Edna Allemiller, Emily Berndt, Elsie Steinmetz, Edith van Houten.

3A Room 37. Clarissa Hulse, Jeanne Lutz, Rose Stammelman, William Fleishfarb.

3B Room 33. Sidney Ramo.
Room 35. Marguerite Rusby.
Room 50. Joe Bellino.

2A Room 42. Elsie McBride.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Walter Scott.
Room 45. Mary Meeker, Catherine Wicks.

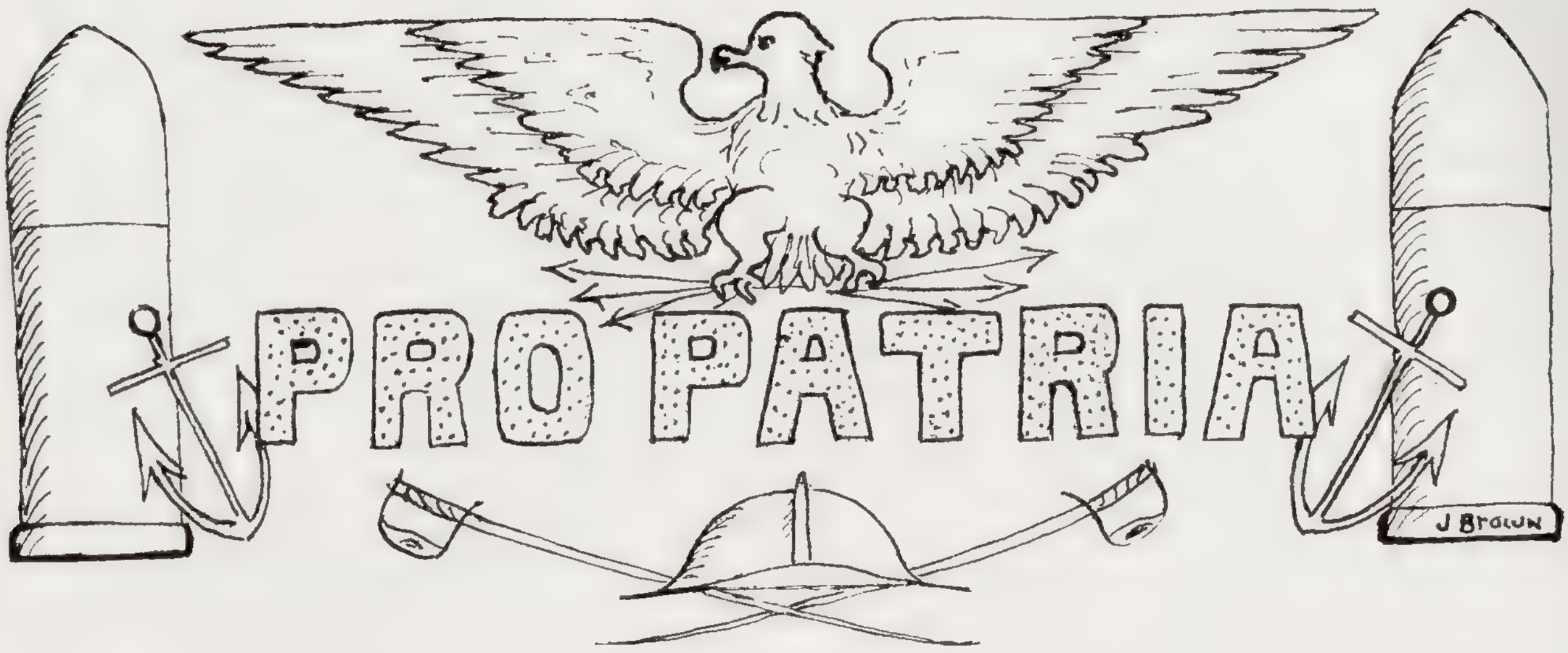
2A Room 67. Anna De Hart, Robert Bishop, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin.

2B Room 60. Dorothy Stone, Elizabeth Wehner.
Room 69. Ethel Carter, Alma Grant, May Van Duyne.
Room 82. Frieda Hughes, Helen MacConnell, Florence Meyerson.

1A Room 65. Mary Margaret Barr, Constance Carpenter, Florence Hatch, Margaret Kohn, Irma Lutz, Jennie Muchmore, Stuart Blodgett.

1A Room 81. Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Francis Kolodin, Dorothy McCouse, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater.
Room 87. Madeline McMullin, Laura Stephens.
Room 92. Fred Frost, Abe Hochberg.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Margaret Randall, Florence Wandling.

1B Rom 31. Florence Wlasak.
Room 32. Theodore Bissell.
Room 75. Louise Alberts, Herbert Berner.
Room 86. George Washburne.
Room 91. Gordon Hart.



HELEN SHEEHAN AGNES POOLE, *Ch.* ROBERT BISHOP

NEW ADDITION TO THE SERVICE FLAG.

During the month of February a new star was added to our service flag when Ed. Stevens joined the aviation corps.

A TRANSFORMATION.

The house was small,
  It was shabby and brown,
It stood by the tracks
  In a small country town.
I looked in at a window
  Lit by a sunbeam
And saw through the panes
  A service star gleam!
Gone was the shabbiness,
  Gone was the stain,
Gone was the paint beaten off by the rain;
  That house was a palace
Worthy of my esteem
  For I saw through the window
    A service-star gleam.

HELEN K. KUSSY.

GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

The number of knitted articles completed for the Red Cross by March 1st, was 549.

Not previously acknowledged: Sweaters—Alene Barlow, Dorothy Baldwin, Louise Berry, Miss Breute, E. Croll, a friend, F. Flammer, Margaret Frazee, Julia Gray, M. Hodupp, Mildred Hammel, Mary Jones, F. Kirkpatrick, Dorothea Kopeloff, Esther Lefkowitz, Ruth Kelly, Myrtle MacNeil, Eline Moffat (2), Charlotte Silberstein, Helen Whelply, Isabel P. Gross, Teresa Walsh, Helen Junker, Marjorie Flaccke, Louise Jacobus, Meda Ransom, Alice Hodson, Dorothy Kitchin.

Wristlets—Ruth Kelly, Alma Grant, Catherine Williams, Miss Grork, Miss Field (2), Alene Barlow, A. Ransome .

"WITH THE COLORS."

March 3, 1918.

To the "Acropolis:"

AT Camp Upton, things were more military than at Fort Slocum. "Reveille" every morning at 6.15, breakfast at 6.30, and then the day's work began. From 7.00 to 7.30 or 8.00 o'clock we "policed" our barracks. This consisted of making up our "bunks," sweeping out from under them, sweeping out the squad-room, picking up all cigarette "butts," pieces of paper, straw and such things from the grounds about our barracks.

Then we had "inspection." While we stood "at attention" beside our "bunks," two or more officers passed through our squad-room. Everything had to be "just so," or these officers would criticise. No dust anywhere, our mess-kits polished clean, our shoes shined, our uniforms clean, and pressed if possible. Thus the conditions of the soldiers and their surroundings were kept as sanitary as possible.

The "non-coms" and the second lieutenant of our company were a "snappy" lot of men, and they proceeded forthwith to take the humps off our shoulders and the languidness out of our movements. Absolutely erect, military posture was always demanded, and snap in all marching, drill and calisthenics.

We didn't have much time for loafing during the morning. After "inspection," we were given about one hour of military drill, then about fifteen minutes to rest and warm up in the barracks. Then about forty-five minutes of "setting up" exercises. These were done out in an open lot

and we had to take our hats, overcoats, and blouses off, too. Imagine that—for forty-five minutes and the thermometer at freezing or below, and snow and ice on the ground! Pneumonia? No, there wasn't any chance to get cold. The exercises were done so fast and with so much snap that we were warm within a few minutes and became warmer all the time. That second lieutenant, who led the exercises, could certainly make things "hum." We were so tired when he got through that we could scarcely get up enough energy to march back to our barracks in military fashion.

That is how we felt the first day or two, when he was taking the softness out of our muscles. But gradually we became "hardened" and we found it easier after that to keep up with the lieutenant, although he always saw to it that we were tired before he stopped the exercises.

This would be about half-past ten or about eleven o'clock. Then we would be assigned to a small "detail," such as carrying logs from the lots nearby to our barracks, chopping the logs into "loglets," and these into kindling wood. Or we might be assigned to the work of emptying ash cans, spreading the ashes, and pounding them down so as to make good walks for our company street. Or we might shovel a ton or so of coal from a truck into our bin.

Did we feel hungry after this was over at about eleven-thirty? Would you feel hungry after such a morning, crowded so full of exercise in the cold fresh air? A visitor would be treated to a very interesting and amusing sight if he happened to be around at the 12.00 M. whistle for "mess." He would see a wild rush of men from all four barracks of the company, all the men making for the mess hall at the one-hundred yards in ten seconds' speed. Then he would probably go home and tell his friends that the fellows in camp were starving. If we had had mess four or five times a day instead of three, the visitor would have seen that same rush each time the whistle blew. We were hungry all the time, and could have eaten heartily at all times during the day, even between regular meals.

I used to think that the Barringer rush for lunch could not be excelled for speed, but now I see how tame it was, compared to those in camp. It also occurred to me what a fine training this would be for some of our football men, especially the ends and backfield. I offer this as a suggestion only. "Chief" may take it for what it is worth. Don't you think our football men would be speedier if they thought they were running for "chow" instead of just a leather pigskin?

The meals were good, too, and we all went back for "seconds" (second helpings) as long as they lasted. As soon as one meal was over, we would look forward with eager anticipation to the next meal which was about six hours off. Just talking about this makes me feel hungry. Although I am not in camp now, I have not lost the appetite that I acquired there.

You might expect that, after such a busy morning, we would have been allowed to lounge around a little during the afternoon, take a little nap, or so. Evidently, however, our officers felt that this would not be conducive to good military spirit, for they took pains to see that we were well occupied for the afternoon also.

A little after one o'clock, some of us would be assigned to a "detail" for the whole afternoon, while the rest would be taken out for another hour of military drill, or for a hike of a few miles. Later in the afternoon we listened to a lecture on sanitation, military courtesy, the rifle, or some other important subject. After the lecture, we would probably be assigned to another small "detail" and would be dismissed at about four-thirty. After "retreat" at 4.45 we were free for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

Last, but not least of our activities for the afternoon, was "mess," at five-thirty. In the evening, we usually went to the Y. M. C. A., where we could write our letters, read books, magazines, and newspapers, play checkers, or watch the "movies." Then we went back to the barracks and to bed. "Lights out" at nine o'clock.

You have probably heard the army duet:

First Soldier—It's a great life.

Second Soldier (the inevitable reply)—If you don't weaken.

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED R. JAYSON.

3922 Morrison Street, N. W.

PARIS Island,
South Carolina,
U. S. M. C.

DEAR GEORGE:

I have about an hour before taps, and shall tell you about the daily routine, life and work in our part of the camp. You know since we are drummers and trumpeters we don't do exactly the same thing that the (boots) do, they are the privates in a regular company.

Every morning at 5 A. M. reveille sounds, and everyone hits the deck. We have from five until six to scrub down the barracks, at 6.15 chow call sounds and everyone lines up for his mess hall; (by the way we get good eats now. Captain Watson removed our old cook, and gave us a real cook). To continue, after chow there is police work to be done, so all fall out to clean up around the barracks. At seven everybody gets ready for drill, and we are out on the field until nine. At 9.15 we go to Trumpet School. Here we are tried out on the calls, and if we know twenty-five certain ones we go on guard, and as soon as we know all of them, about 100, we are rated and leave the island. Our bunch is making pretty good headway now. It was rather hard at first. At 10.30 school is dismissed, and we have nothing to do until dinner, 11.30. At 1

P. M. we have physical drill on the field, that is, Swedish exercises. Our gym work at Barringer was easy compared with this stuff.

At 2 o'clock our bunch goes to afternoon school, then we have chow again. After chow, all the fellows wash clothes and when this job is finished, we have the remainder of the day to ourselves. At about 7 P. M. mail is called out, and the fellows sure do welcome a letter from home. So you see that we have an easy time of it.

Yesterday, Saturday, we were paid, and today the boys went down to the canteen to buy some things they needed.

Well, moreover, I guess I had better quit now and prepare for taps. Remember me to the old bunch at B. H. S., and be sure to continue sending me the ACROPOLIS. Good luck.

Your chum,

DONALD JONES.

Newport, R. I.,
February 22, 1918.

Carus Almus Pater:

At last we have found an opportunity to write to you. We have certainly been occupied every minute of the time since we left Newark, Monday.

We arrived at Newport at 2.30 A. M., Tuesday morning, hiked two miles to the training station, and remained in receiving station until 7 A. M. Then we had chow (breakfast). After breakfast we took a cold shower, were vaccinated and examined by three doctors, and then received the best uniform in the world, that of the "fighting blue jacket." The day we arrived happened to be Captain's inspection day. On this day the captains' and all commissioned officers inspect all of the buildings and grounds on the island.

While we were being examined by the doctors, the captain happened to pass through the examining room. We were commanded to stand at attention which we did. There were about fifty fellows in the room at the time. As the officers looked us over they were attracted by our position. They asked us if we were boxers; we replied that we were not but that we had just finished high school. "You certainly must have had some gym instruction," he said. So please thank "Chief" for what he has done for us.

From the receiving building we were sent to the Detention Camp, where we spent three days. Here we had to sleep in hammocks six feet above the *hard* floor.

From the Detention Camp we were transferred to the 6th Regiment, 1st Company. This is to be our home until we leave the island. In this building we sleep on cots. We arise at 4.30 A. M., dress, walk to barracks and take a "shower." Then we come back to our "shack" and take our cots outside for an airing (weather permitting). Mess call is sounded at 6.45 A. M. At the mess hall 5,000 men are fed in twenty-one minutes; that is, men go in, eat and come out in twenty-one minutes. Then we pass the rest of the day in drills, etc. Our work for the day is finished at 3.30 P. M., and we are free for the rest of the day. We turn in at 9.30.

Our meals are fine. Here is our menu for our holiday dinner:

Turkey, Pork Chops, Oysters, Bread, Creamed Green Peas, Asparagus, Bananas, Oranges, Soup, Plum Pudding, Celery, Olives, Pickles, Pie, Pound Cake, Coffee, Cranberries, Butter, Ice Cream.

This menu seems somewhat confused, but the sailor receives his meals all on one plate, excepting soup and coffee.

We must close this letter now as we have to report to our company. We send our best regards to faculty and school.

JOSEPH P. WLUDYKA,
MORRIS KOSCHES.
6th Regiment, 1st Company,
Newport Training Station,
Newport, R. I.

KENNETH E. CARRINGTON, *Ch.*
HELEN K. KUSSY

MARION SMITH
DE WARREN B. BARNETT, JR.

"Jest for Fun"

Raw recruit cleanin' gun,
Thought war lots of fun.
Tickled trigger,
And then,
Floral tokens—
Amen. —*Tiger.*

Servant lady, rather green,
Balky fire, gasoline.
Pours the liquid,
Travels far
Floral token—
Gates ajar. —*Tiger.*

Jim—She says her love for you is a consuming passion.

Tim—It is. It takes five pounds of candy a week to keep it alive.

IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Teacher—What letter comes after H?
Casner—I dunno.
Teacher—What's on the side of my nose?
Casner—Freckles.

Carrington—I hope to be your valentine this year.

She—Oh, I was in such hopes I wouldn't receive any comics.

Idler (after the quarrel)—There used to be something about me you said you liked.

She (mournfully)—Yes, but you've spent it all now.

Pat—Oi say, Mike, who might this mon Rockyfeller be?

Mike—He's a verra, verra rich man, Pat, but his money's tainted.

Pat—Tainted, is it?

Mike—Yes, Pat, it's tainted. It's tainted with the wuurst taint in the wuurld—t'aint you'rn and t'aint mine!—*Tiger.*

ODE TO THE AVIATION CORPS.

When we go up we never know
When we'll drop.
It's nice to fly, to scrape the sky,
But oh, my—
When we drop
Get the mop. —*Tiger.*

Our Dignified Editor—"You Guys will havet' mosey out of the room until these Bum's quit sellin' things here.

Prof.—What figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"

Foster—Sarcasm.

Prof. (in Economics)—What has Henry Ford done for his country?

Tries—I think he has made walking a pleasure.

Prof.—The feminine of many nouns is found by adding "ese." Can anyone give an example?

First Volunteer—Waiter, waitress.

Second Voluteer—God, goddess.

Second Volunteer—God, goddess.

Father—Is my son being well grounded in Latin?
Prof. in Latin—Well, sir, that's putting it mildly. I should say he was stranded.

Mrs. Carrington (in days gone by)—My Kenny got meritorious commendation at school last week.
Mrs. Smart—Well, well, isn't it awful the number of diseases school children catch?

Pat—What do you think of penciling your eyebrows?
Elsie—Well, that's where I draw the line.

Tries—Don't you think my moustache is becoming?
She—It might be coming but it isn't here yet.

"Shall I brain him," said the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"Don't try it," said the Sophomore,
"Just hit him on the head."

Old King Cole is a merry old soul,
(At least he used to be)
But now—since the war has broken out
No more of him we see.

Bert—Hey, what would a substitute on the marine's football team be?
Hy—I don't know.
Bert—Why, a sub-marine.

FOR STUDES OF MYTHOLOGY.

We have recently learned the truth about Cornelai—When asked to bring in her treasures, she appeared with a lump of sugar and a piece of coal!

1B—What does P. G. mean?
4B—Past glory.

A kindly-looking old gentleman went to purchase Liberty Bonds.
"What denomination?" asked the bright looking young lady clerk.
"Baptist," was the prompt reply. —*Ex.*

HIS CHOICE.

Parson—Do you know the parables, my child?
Johnny—Yes, sir.
Parson—And which of the parables do you like best?
Johnny—I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes.—*Ex.*

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

School Teacher (to a little 1B)—If a farmer raises 1,700 bushels of wheat and sells it at $1.17 per bushel, what will he get?
Little 1B—An automobile!

Gus—Hey, did you ever hear the story of the brown sugar?
Pete—Naw, did you?
Gus—Sure, it's awfully sweet.

Hilda—Do you know Tom Savage?
Olive—No, I have no savages among my acquaintances.

Helen—Say, do you know my sister calls the young girls of to-day fire worshippers?
Genevieve—Why, how's that?
Helen—Why, because they worship the s(o)un.

Meatless, wheatless, heatless day,
Run to Germany and stay.

He flunked in Latin, failed in French,
We faintly heard him say, "I'd like to see the man who said,
'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

SOMETIMES YOU GET ZERO, TOO.

Sometimes you grind
At improving your mind,
And cramming your Latin and Dutch.
And sometimes you go to a party instead
And say, "I should worry and bother my head
And perhaps get a wrinkle, not much."

So some marks are high and some marks are low
And some are betwixt and between,
For marks like the tides have their ebb and their flow,
Over and under the mean.

O it's nice to be gay, and it's nice to be wise,
And it's nice to do Latin and Dutch.
And to know that without the minutest surmise
Your marks in your classes would be on the rise
If it weren't for dances and such.

IN OUR CORRIDORS.

Groups of fixed stars are consultations.

AT 3B CLASS MEETING.

Chairman—Nominations for treasurer are now in order.
Voice—I nominate John Blank.
Chairman—Any more nominations?
Girl's Voice—Let's see him?

Mr. Dumm—I saw "Miss Taylor" on all the bottles.

Mr. Hart—Can you recite the poem?
Dot Gorham—I learned it for to-morrow.

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

Teacher—What evidence of local color do you find in this chapter?
Stude—None.
Teacher—A case of local color—blindness.

The young ladies of Barringer conducted a successful gas attack on Captain Pierre de Lanux in the corridors; he was completely surrounded, and was almost overcome, but was finally rescued by Mr. Mezger and Mr. Milwitzky.

She—Did he say anything dove-like about me?
He—Oh. yes. He said you were pigeon-toed.

Burke—Say, George, what became of the girl that you said was the light of your life?
Mower—Oh, it's a sad story; another fellow came between me and the light.

Let it be understood that the P. G. after Idler's name stands for poor game, that's all.

Bishop—I'm going to change my mind.
Teacher—Before all these pupils?

Gray seems to be most becoming to Idler, he always was found of dull (?) things.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END.

Absolute knowledge, I have none.
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street,
That he had a letter just last week,
That was written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown,
That a man in Klondike heard the news,
From a bunch of South American Jews,
About somebody in Borneo,
Who heard a man who claimed to know,
Of a swell society female rake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's niece
Has stated in a printed piece,
That she has a son who had a friend,
Who certainly knows when the war will end.
—*Ex.*

Norman (to doctor)—Did you ever have a patient with any thing worse than an earache and toothache at the same time?
Doctor—I believe I did. I once had a man having rheumatism and St. Vitus dance at the same time.

Idler (at the Broad, as the lights went out)—"Oh, what a fool I was not to drag."

Howard—Do you know why a woman, a young man and an old man are so much alike?
Al—Nope.
Howard—Why, you poor simp—the chicken gets them all, in the end.

Mr. Kennedy—"And Mr. Lincoln put his six or seven feet on the couch."

Helen—With whom would you prefer going out on a very warm day?
Edna—Oh, no one in particular.
Helen—Why, with Freeze!

Barringer has a paper
  Which is known throughout the town
There are many things about it
  That have brought it great renown.
First the literature department
  With its tales and poetry,
Then the clever cartoons,
  A wondrous thing to see.
Next comes the personal column,
  With its knocks and jokes so queer,
And then good old athletics,
  To every heart so dear,
Now gentle reader, can't you guess,
  The real name of this?
Of course, you answer, knowingly,
  You mean, ACROPOLIS!

"It's no use talking," cried the dame,
It's no use talking was her claim,
It's no use talking, that is true,
It's no use talking, but they do.
—*Ex.*

Grace Thompson (to Betty Bethards)—What kind of rolls do you like?
Betty—Oh, *Parkerhouse,* of course!

If Burke Boyce is a true American, why is his favorite color green?

Amusing.
Charming.
Renowned.
Original.
Popular.
Opulent (with reading matter!)
Learned.
Inspiring.
Satisfactory.

Groaned over.
Evaded.
Old (as the hills).
Memorized.
Easily understood (?)
Thought over.
Renounced (by flunkers).
Yawned over.

A 20th CENTURY CATASTROPHE.

Maud got a bid to a dance, to-day,
So Maud was joyous, happy and gay,
But when she got home she was filled with woe,
For she asker Ma's consent
And Ma said—"NO!"

Bill—Say, what are you going to do when you graduate?

Eddie—Oh, I'm going to be a midget in a circus.

Bill—But you are five feet six inches tall!

Eddie—Oh, that's all right—I'll be the largest midget.

Gimp—Say, do you know that I feel like a regular fish when I came out of music period?

Eddie—How's zat?

Gimp—Full of scales.

Stude (reciting)—"The man was standing ıorizontally to the floor.

SOME WATCH.

Stude (in Latin)—"So he spent the whole summer on his watch."

Stude (translating)—"Stepping on the royal fleet, he sank more than usual."

'Twas a balmy summer night,
And the moon was shinging bright,
When two lovers came in sight
.....
To tell more would not be right.

Stude (in English)—"She sang with her nose."

A—What would Napoleon's name on a windy day be?

B—I dunno.

A—That's easy—Napoleon Blownapart.

IN ENGLISH.

Miss Hewitt—Johnson came back to London with only part of Irene!

IN MUSIC.

Miss Darnell—Give an example of Scotch songs.

(Whisper—The Campbells are coming.)

Stude—The camels are coming.

Miss Darnell (in music)—Please sing with your nose and teeth.

TO A TALL 1B.

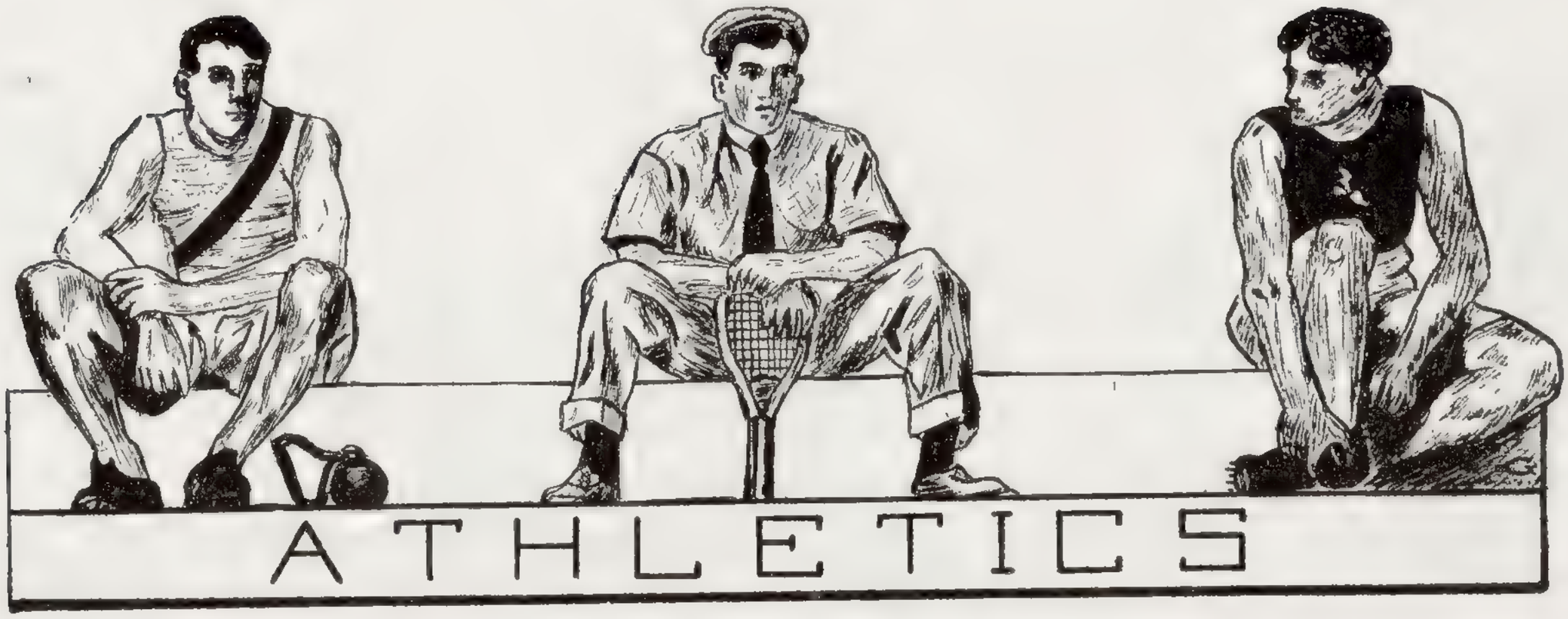
All arms and legs and feet I see—
Pray, what is that?
A tall 1B!

A horrid awful thing to see.

What? Zero in geometry.

Miss Darnell (pointing to orchestra)—These are the stringed instruments!

Note—We wonder were there any *lyres* among them?



ATHLETICS

JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE
LEWIS KUHNLE
PAUL WHITFIELD
JOHN JENNINGS

TRACK.

Our track team does not seem to be progressing in the best style, but Mr. Fields promises a first-class team for the outdoor season. We did not start practice until one week before the Dickinson meet. This, of course, accounts for the poor showing of our boys, as no one can get into form in a week. Because of our lack of material and practice, Mr. Fields entered only one man in the Central games. Although our showing is poor so far, we may expect a good outdoor season, as we have a number of veterans back. We have Foster to captain our team and take care of the hurdling, Wostroff and Heller to handle the middle distance races and C. Gibbons to take care of the high jump. E. Gibbons will be out running neck and neck with Heller and Wostroff. There are many promising candidates out for the shot put and the sprints.

BASEBALL.

The Prospect for 1918.

The outlook for a first class team this spring is as good as in any season in recent years. First of all, we have a good number of veterans back from the 1917 team, and as '17 was the best team since 1912, they should in all reason, form a very steady group on which to mould the 1918 team.

William Crooks, the captain, is the catcher, and with his able and heady handling the pitchers should do wonders. And being stationed back of the plate the captain is in an excellent position to direct the defense work of his team. Crook's long experience will certainly ensure Barringer a steady fighting team with an A1 defense.

In the pitcher's box "Punch" Turner, and Roth, all veterans of two or three years, can safely be looked to, to carry the burden of a very heavy schedule in a capable manner. "As we go to press," all three of these veterans appear to be in better shape physically "and scholastically" than they were last year.

Captain Foster, of the track team, will be too busy this year with his track work to do any first basing, so with the loss of Pavese and Maze, first base is without a veteran guardian. At second base, we find once again, that demon base runner, Murphy; battling all comers for the job of guarding the keystone hassock. "Murph" had the distinction of being up there at bat "in the pinch" more often than any one on the team. Documentary evidence shows that he delivered better than 50-50.

On the left hand side of the diamond we find the "Sawdust Twins." Berg at the hot corner in '17 handled more chances than any other two infielders and had less black marks in the error column. Sosnow will again be "grabbing 'em up and passing 'em over to first" from short stop; quoting his very words. The information is out to opponents, to hit 'em when Zack and Moe "aint," if they want to get safe hits. The sole survivor of our fastest outfield, Chittick, Gregory and Poole, is the diminutive, daring, dashing left fielder, Geo. Poole. Poole claims, and with reason too, to be the smallest and fastest left fielder in captivity. His earnest desire is that all opponents' first basemen will adopt Heinie Zim's method of retiring the runner. If they do, score another run for Barringer.

All this is taking for granted that some of the new candidates do not oust the veterans from their aforesaid "jobs."

It has been our custom to carry on the squad two catchers, four pitchers, six infielders and four outfielders, so there are plenty of places to be filled, even though every veteran makes good.

(*Continued on page 27.*)

GRADUATE NOTES

GRACE CAIRNS, *Ch.* JACK BRYDEN

PRINCETON LIFE.

THE other night I dropped into Bug's Whitman's room after a little meeting of the Polity Club at which we had met Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known short story writer, and from whom we heard about various war experiences of the other side. Of course we bickered about some of the things he had said, and hashed over some old topics like the movies or Dr. VanDyke's latest book, the chances of having a varsity crew or the basketball prospects and such local campus gossip. Finally the talk switched over to our early experiences down here when we entered the renowned institution for the first time, and how we gradually came to meet and know our classmates of the black skull cap. We certainly had to smile at some of the foolish questions we asked and some of the crazy ideas we collected from first hand impressions.

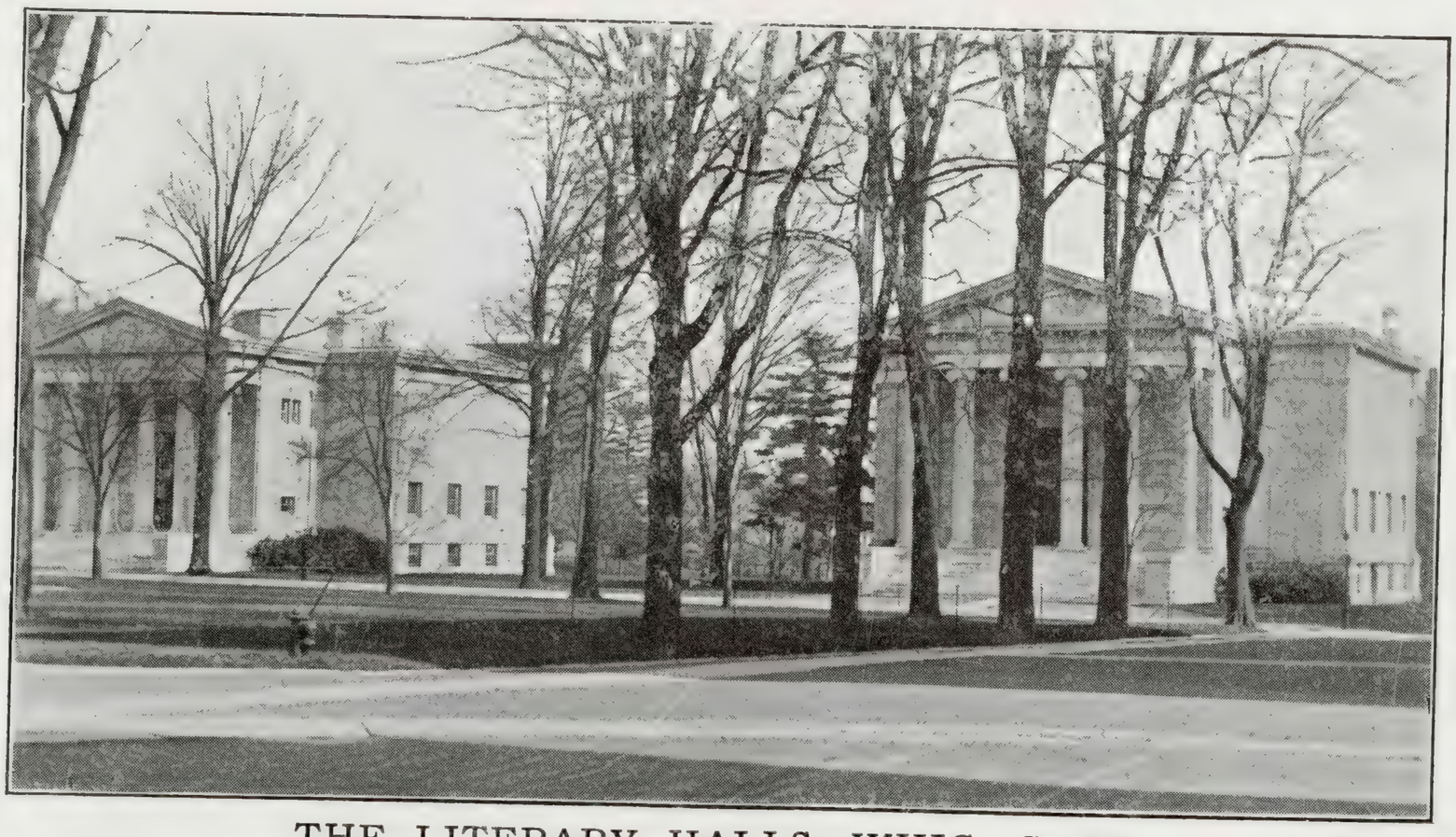
"I was half afraid of the seniors and their sporty knickerbockers," I admitted, "but after my first few weeks they did not seem half so dangerous as they looked. Believe me, Bugs, one certainly gets to feel at home down here in very short order. I think it is because of so many activities such as the Library Halls, and Dormitory Discussion Clubs, which give one a chance to mingle with the rest of the fellows. The first month this place reminded me of a three-ringed circus, there was so much going on at one time. There were studies in the morning, everything from teas to athletics in the afternoons, and bicker sessions and club meetings in the evening. I thought it so peculiar that the university should run the classes from eight o'clock to one-thirty, and leave so much time to spare, but I found there's a reason. Such a schedule gives plenty of time for physical development either indoors or outdoors, and a chance to develop any manner of sport that one likes. Why, for every season of the year there are about a dozen different sports with a coach for each one; there are tennis, football, crew and track in the fall, basketball, swimming, wrestling, handball and skating in the winter, and baseball and agates in the spring."

"Yes," said Bugs, "and there is where you meet so many of your classmates; first they become acquaintances for whom you have a passing word; later they become friends with whom you chatter and argue in the discussions. There is so much to develop a student along the social and mental lines."

"Yes," I rejoined, "so much is offered that one can not take advantage of it all, one has to decide and choose for oneself the most interesting things. For instance, this fall we had so many outside activities: Theodore Roosevelt to review the battallion, Captain Williams who was 'over there' with Princess Pat's regiment, and the wonderful Philharmonic Society which was almost equal to the Boston Symphony, Elkus, ex-ambassador to Turkey to tell us about the war over in the sick man's land, and A. Barton Hepburn to tell us about the financial conditions here at home, to say nothing about the series of piano recitals by Whiting or Alexander Russell's organ recitals over at the Grad school. Now take the other side of the development, the physical development and athletics. Instead of making one take a regular three hours of gymnasium work, they give one a little freedom. They leave the choice of the matter with the student, and insist only that he spend three hours a week in some form of exercise; they let him choose from a host of sports any particular sport in which he is interested and then, provided it is the proper season, allow him to use that sport as credit for physical training. In that way, they develop their athletes and also stimulate interest in the sporting activities. If one cares about running, he is allowed to take up running as credit and to have

THEODORE ROOSEVELT REVIEWING
PRINCETON BATTALION.

BLAIR ARCH.



THE LITERARY HALLS—WHIG, CLIO.

a chance to work under a coach. Very often this leads to being chosen on the class team and from that it is a simple step to get one's numerals. That's the way I got mine and you got yours, so you see how easy it really was."

"Oh, say, Sandy," said Bugs, "when you mentioned Teddy Roosevelt, it reminded me of the time that Tom Urmy and a bunch of fellows who were over-anxious to hear him, climbed up on the steam pipes that are fastened to the walls at the back of the hall. Just as T. R. was bursting out in all his eloquence about the downfall of the German Empire—crash! bang!—down came the steam pipes and the whole bunch of over-anxious fellows with them! That sure was embarrassing for them."

"Well, I have to move along to get a little studying done before the clock strikes twelve, so I will have to leave you."

"All right, Sandy," he finished, "come around again some time when you don't find too much to do."

"Sure thing," I answered as I closed the door.

CARL V. SANDELL, B. H. S., '16.

MILITARY TRAINING IN PRINCETON.

A VERY efficient system of military training is now under operation in Princeton University. The work comprises both practical and theoretical courses and covers a wide range in both. All this training is carried on under strict military discipline with the end in view of preparing a man for a commission on graduation or for entrance into a Reserve Officers' Training Camp, if he leaves before completing his course here.

The theoretical side includes a special course for each class. The Freshmen have one hour a week of lectures and recitations on Field Service Regulations, Personal Hygiene, Camp Sanitation, Military Organization, Branches of the Service, Arms of the Service, Interior Guard Duty, the general military policy as shown by the military history of the United States, and other kindred subjects. The Sophomores have a three-hour course on The History of Target Practice, Small Arms, Firing Regulations, United States Infantry Drill Regulations, the influence of weapons on tactics, map reading, the psychology of war, tactical problems, and military history. The Juniors study in a three-hour course, Company Administration, Court Martial Proceedings, the Elements of International Law, Minor Tactics and Military History. For the Seniors there is a three-hour course on The Rifle in War, Tactical Problems, Military History, and timely military subjects relating to the present war. All of these courses are conducted by able military men of the United States and her Allies.

The practical side of the training demands drill by battalions during two afternoons of the week, and ceremonies by the entire regiment once a week. In this semi-weekly drill there is the physical education which comprises setting up exercises, wall scaling, throwing hand grenades and bombs, boxing, and other things furthering body development. There is also close and extended order drill, the manual of arms, the manual of the colors, firing, bayonet drills and combats, intrenchments, inspections and practice marches. The nomenclature and care of the rifle, aiming, drills, gallery and range practice, and individual firing are other things taken up. The men are instructed in first aid, military sketching, signaling and practical work in tactical problems. The variety of the work stimulates interest and keeps it from growing tedious.

Major H. H. Sargent, U. S. A., retired, is in charge of the whole military department. He has specialized in strategy all during his long career as a soldier, and the university is very fortunate in having him as a lecturer in the theoretical work. Colonel Libbey, the rifle instructor has a nation-wide reputation in this department. Other instructors are equally well qualified for their work, so that Princeton is standing just as high in the carrying on of her part in the war as she has always stood in more peaceful pursuits.

T. V. URMY, '17.

EXPERIENCE OF TWO BARRINGER GRADUATES IN FRANCE.

The following incident was told by Sergeant J. A. Machin, a Barringer graduate, about Lieutenant McAllister Jones, also a Barringer graduate, who has been fighting.

Sergeant Machin states that he met Lieutenant Jones in a base hospital in France where Jones was recovering from wounds received in the second battle of Ypres. He had five machine-gun bullets in his right thigh, and was deaf and dumb as a result of shell shock.

The meeting between the two was very strange. Jones was working near Machin when Machin gave him a book with the notice that it had been written by a Newark man. Using a pencil and paper in lieu of conversation, Machin soon learned that Jones lived in Newark near Mr. Gilman, a professor in Barringer. This led to a friendship between the two.

Since Jones has gone from Barringer he has been in the American Army in the Philippines and also in the Canadian Army, which he was in when he was injured. He hopes to be back in Newark soon.

This is another proof that Barringer boys are giving their best to their country. Let us hope that the casualties among the brave boys who formerly wore the blue and white will be few.

February 25th we had quite a great treat in assembly when Alfred Hedden, a Barringer graduate, told us of his experiences driving an ambulance in France. He began by telling of his trip across and the landing at Bordeaux where he took a train for Paris. Some rather amusing incidents occurred, due to his poor knowledge of the French language as spoken "over there." After some preliminary training Mr. Hedden was sent to Verdun with his ambulance. He told us that it was not the possibility of being killed that affected the boys as much as the little hardships which they must endure. "Letters," he said, "are the best cure for the blues that I know of." On returning to the States he was impressed by the many lights on Broadway, when all is darkness across the seas. American cities present such an unwarlike appearance to one who has accustomed himself to the conditions in Europe. Mr. Hedden closed his talk by showing us a sign which he had torn from a street car in Paris, which, when translated read, "Remember that we are at war." If the French people, who are in the center of the war's activities need such a reminder, how much more do we, so far removed from scenes of actual warfare, need to be constantly warned?

BASEBALL.

(*Continued from page 23.*)

In addition to all the above our second squad consists of two catchers, two pitchers, five infielders and four outfielders, all uniformed the same as the first team, and the requirements are the same for both teams. The second team plays regular scheduled games with outside teams as well as the work they do with the first squad.

The summary of these facts leads to the conclusion that if this isn't a "banner" year for baseball at B. H. S., all signs fail.

The schedule will include games with Montclair twice, Dickinson twice, East Orange twice; two each with East Side, Centrad and South Side. Lawrenceville, Irvington, Newark Academy and Montclair Academy play one game each, and others are pending.

What about it Barringer people? Are you going to back this year's team with your support at the games?

We believe they will be one of our very best ball teams but so do our opponents' supporters believe of their teams. They show it by their attendance. Will you?

Come out and console us when we lose two championships, or better still, be there to see us win two. Remember the team is YOURS, they are doing it for you, for Barringer.

CHIEF.

Everything for
Every Sport
Indoors and Out

E. S. KOENIG'S SONS
Broad and William Streets, Newark

Holts Lead in Diamonds

No Other Store Gives the Time
and Attention and Studies the
Market Like

HOLT'S

Diamond Merchants

Broad and Academy Sts., Newark, N. J.

Exchanges

ALBERT J. BIEDERMAN, *Ch.*
CLARISSA HULSE

EXCHANGES.

Your Exchange Department, *Herald,* is the best part of your paper. Your jokes are also good but they should be gathered into one department. Your material is all good and well written up. Add a table of contents and you will have an attractive paper.

H. S. HERALD,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

From cover to cover the *News* still upholds its old standard. "Heard in the Corridors" is exceedingly clever. Your editorial. "Carry On," is a literary success. Your other departments are all well arranged. Keep it up!

E. O. NEWS,
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

The Valentine number of the *Oracle* shows an improvement over your back issues. Neatness is the by-word of the number. The editorial is fine. Why not have some departmental cuts? They improve the appearance of the paper.

THE ORACLE,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

The Senior number of the *Orange and Blue* deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame of High School journalism. "Hash" could be longer, but not better. Congratulations.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE,
UNION HILL, N. J.

Your Literary Department is lengthy, but good, *Student.* Class Notes ought to be placed in your Personals column. Exchange jokes are well picked. You have a pushing business manager.

THE STUDENT,
P. H. S.,
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

It pleases us to receive such a neat paper. Your editorials are well written. "The Red Cross" is worthy of mention. Do you not think a joke department, separate from "School Notes," would add to the interest in the paper? Come again, *Student.*

THE STUDENT,
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Your Christmas issue is certainly very neat and well balanced. The cover design befits the occasion. Devote more space to editorials and stories and try to have a few poems, *Skirmisher.* Keep up the good work in "Athletics."

THE SKIRMISHER,
BORDENTOWN, N. J.

The Torch is a well arranged paper. "Athletics" is well written, but more space should be devoted to the work of this department. "Humor" is everything but watery humor. Can't you boost this department? For in the majority of high school papers, success depends on the quality of its humor in the paper.

THE TORCH,
DOYLESTOWN, PA.

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